



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Talking comes by nature, silence by understanding.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest.—*Carlyle.*

As faith rests upon reason, so does all lofty spiritual energy and joy upon high, strong thought.—*Dwight.*

Every new book we read, every man we meet, our hearts beat with expectation!—*Anna E. Dickinson.*

Better fall covered and scarred with wounds of glory, than to surrender through expediency to what is wrong.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can render an honest and a perfect man—Commands all right, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late.—*Fletcher.*

Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity asks, Is it popular? But Conscience asks, Is it right?

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved—loved for ourselves; say rather, loved in spite of ourselves.—*Victor Hugo.*

The whole faculties of man must be exerted, in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.

Many an immortal work that is a source of exquisite enjoyment to mankind has been written with the blood of the author, at the expense of his happiness and of his life.—*E. P. Whipple.*

The Pagan kissing, for a step of Pan, The wild goat's hoof prints on the loamy down, Exceeds our modern thinker, who turns back The strata granite, limestone, coal and clay— Concluding coldly with, "Here's law! Here's God!"—*Mrs. Browning.*

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another replied—"It is impossible that any one should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself."

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and, if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them.

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The poorest bargain that a human being can make, is to give up his individuality for what is called respectability. Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom, is the living coffin of his dead soul.

## Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the hurry of leaving San Francisco I did not find half time to bid farewell to the many kind and good friends who flocked not only to the meetings, but on Broadway wharf to see us depart on the steamer, "Queen of the Pacific," Wednesday, Feb. 29th, at 2 P. M. As we are now comfortably located in Los Angeles, I will endeavor to give your readers a few items of experience since last meeting us face to face.

Our outward journey was marked by a curious circumstance unprecedented in my traveling experience. We set sail, to all appearances, favorably enough; safely and swiftly crossed the bar, and got fairly out to sea before dark. What was then our astonishment on awaking the next morning to find the ship motionless, and at the very place from which we set sail the previous afternoon. I do not know how other people took it, but the circumstance appeared to me as an omen that however far I might travel from San Francisco, a tide of irresistible influence, altogether beyond my control, would drift me back again to your charming and hospitable city. We astonished some of our friends immensely by appearing among them when they all thought we were being "rocked in the cradle of the deep." As I had failed to say good-by to my highly esteemed friends, Dr. and Mrs. Morton, I called at 210 Stockton street, where I was most hospitably welcomed, compelled to partake of a delicious repast, and made the recipient of some rare and valuable books which assisted greatly in entertaining us on our journey.

At 12 M., on Thursday, March 1st, we again set sail, and with no mishap, safely arrived in Santa Barbara on the following day, about 4 P. M. As the vessel rested there four hours, we had ample time to go on shore and make a tour of the charming little city, beautiful as Naples for situation, and one of the most striking combinations of the features of the old world and the new I ever witnessed.

A boom seems to have just struck Santa Barbara; immense new hotels, palatial structures greet the eye at every turn, while the streets are crowded with busy speculators and merry tourists. Just outside the city proper, on a commanding eminence overlooking the city and the bay, is the old Spanish Mission Church and Franciscan Monastery. Interiorly and externally this singular block of buildings reminds one of the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church in the oldest parts of Europe. It has no resemblance to any modern structure with which all your readers are familiar. No one who has not seen it and been in it can realize the perfectly calm, quaint atmosphere which pervades it. In every detail it is Spanish, and, indeed, ancient Spanish. The church is in excellent repair, and is constantly used for service. A short service was held while we were in it. The solemn and yet curious chanting of the brothers sounded like an echo from some distant land, while the old bells, which rang out before and after service, sounded as though they must have been cast in the Middle Ages. To lovers of the picturesque antique, and especially to all who can appreciate vivid contrasts, a visit to this entrancing spot can be not other than a source of exquisite enjoyment. On leaving the church, at 6 P. M., just as the sun was setting, the view which burst upon our gaze was one of dazzling beauty. I have traveled extensively ere this, and in many lands, but never was I more impressed with the utter loveliness of nature than at Santa Barbara. If ever I am fortunate enough to own a lot in California, I would prefer having a home-stead there to any other place I have visited.

Having thus paid a just meed of praise to Santa Barbara, I must hasten to tell of Los Angeles, which exceeds rather than falls short of my most sanguine expectations. Our first experiences were certainly muddy, as heavy rain had been falling on Friday; so on Saturday morning the streets were in an almost impassable condition, but this was only a slight annoyance, as the street car service is very convenient, and the day being beautifully fine and warm, the mud rapidly disappeared; and as the soil is sandy at the

worst of times, it is not very distressing. We are very comfortably located at "The Orland," 211 West Third street. Mrs. Whipple, the proprietress, is an exceedingly pleasant lady. Her house is centrally located, and is excellently appointed. In comparison with the charges in many of the hotels, her prices are very reasonable. Rooms by the week or month are not at all expensive, and the accommodation is all that can be desired. I can most cordially recommend this house to all visitors, as being thoroughly first class, though not in the least pretentious.

Among the first to meet us here were Mr. C. N. Earl and Mr. Street, who have been heartily co-operating with Miss Susie Johnson to make the meetings an entire success. Odd Fellows' Hall, where the Spiritualists hold their meetings, is a very handsome hall, beautifully fitted up; the only drawback is the scarcity of chairs; it is large enough to seat at least five hundred persons comfortably, but the seating accommodation is distressingly inadequate. We use it on Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30 P. M. Our opening meetings were a brilliant success, but unfortunately there were many more people than chairs, so we had to turn away a number in the evening.

The audiences were very attentive, and in many instances expressed enthusiasm. There is just that kind, helpful spirit manifested here that struck me so forcibly at Oakland, in 1886.

At the same time that Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded, Mrs. Whitney had a very good attendance with a large admission fee in the Opera House, which is a very handsome theater. We attended a performance of Julius Caesar there on Saturday evening, and saw Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett at their finest, supported by an excellent company. The house was crammed, and at a very high rate of admission. Money seems plentiful here in most directions, though there are, of course, many persons whose circumstances are limited.

Our classes open to-night; they promise to be very large, but I do not speak definitely till after the first lesson.

Hoping to hear from many friends in San Francisco (I have always time to read letters, even when I am too busy to answer them), and trusting all to be in the conscious enjoyment of health and prosperity, believe me, as ever, your sincere friend and fellow-worker,

W. J. COLVILLE.

## By Their Work Ye Shall Know Them.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Thursday evening Mr. J. Slater gave a benefit for the Union Spiritual Society. At 8 o'clock sharp the slender figure of this celebrated medium stepped out upon the platform with a shadow of disappointment on his face when he saw the half filled hall; but nothing daunted; he determined to make it a success in every way. He started a collection, headed the list by donating ten dollars. It is needless to say that his hopes were realized.

With all our hearts with him in his work, we, the members of this Society, thank him sincerely, which illy conveys our feelings.

Mr. Slater is not a stranger in our midst, although only a year ago he came to us first. He returns, like an absent member, to the welcome hearts of the home circle, helping the workers in the cause of truth, extending the hand of sympathy to all. Mr. Slater will remain with us for some little time yet, and we do hope that when he leaves this part of the country to cheer other lonely hearts that he may feel the appreciation of the Golden Gate so vividly that it will, indeed, be a difficult matter for him to remain away from us for any great length of time.

Again thanking him, praying earnestly for his success in business, and his good health, we subscribe ourselves, his true friends,

W. S. S.

The prevalent idea of keeping the Sabbath is that it is a day on which certain things must not be done. To the majority of people Sunday is a day full of *nots*. I am in favor of any movement that helps anybody to appreciate Sunday as a day of rest, of healthful and pure pleasures, and that will gently lead men, women and children from the things of low estate up to the higher.—*Becher.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## An Old Sea Captain on Re-embodiment.

"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Adopting this excellent motto of the *Banner of Light*, may I be pardoned for presuming to criticize and question the conclusions of some of your talented contributors, on matters to which they have probably given more thought than myself, but whose conclusions are still radically contrary to my own?

For instance, while recognizing in Professor Lockyer a profound astronomer, must I admit that the sun glow of late years was due to Kookatoo ashes, scattered over the atmosphere, while my reason tells me that the brilliant phenomenon was the result of violent solar eruptions of hydrogen and other gases? Or shall I admit that the "self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites," while Professors Draper and Kirchhoff, the latter the interpreter of the dark lines in the sun's spectrum, declare that the nebulous vapor floating in space is mainly hydrogen? Again, while I accept the scientific facts of Spiritualism, must I also adopt unquestioned every inspired fact and fantasy concerning it? Your talented and inspired contributor, in his endeavor to reconcile ancient miracles with modern Spiritualism, says: "Nothing on record, no matter how much marvel it may excite, is too wonderful to be true!"

Here I venture to take issue, and to submit that in stooping to the admission of possible miracles, no matter how repugnant to common sense, in order to conciliate theologians or Seybert Commissioners, is belittling to Spiritualism; and much more reprehensible than it would have been in Galileo, had he consented to crucify the truth, by conceding to the reverend bigots of Rome the possibility of the earth's plane versus its rotundity—even had such admission been made in a compassionate effort to save from a cruel death his friend Bruno, burnt at the stake by the devilish Inquisition.

Science can make no concession to superstition. To say that "under certain conditions, miracles are resolved into lawful acts, under the direction of immutable law," is the merest sophism.

Theologians have always contended that a miracle could only be performed by the direct agency of God. Webster defines a miracle "An effect contrary to the established constitution and course of things; a deviation from the laws of nature." Another writer contends that "a miracle is something done by the fiat of Deity, outside of and transcending any natural law." When, then, can a miracle become "resolved into a lawful act?"

This appears to me a mere quibble on words. The word "miracle" must be accepted as defined by its inventors, and cannot be accepted in any other sense. In plain English, and in one word, it is something representing "an impossibility." To this theologians piously reply, "Everything is possible with God!" Scientists, on the other hand, more reverently devote themselves to the elucidation of His immutable laws.

In comparison with these, how frivolous appear the miracles of the wonder mongers. Can rational man conceive the awful majesty of the universe inciting Moses to astonish the barbarous Arabs of Egypt with disgusting feats of legerdemain; as, for instance, turning the Nile into blood, teaching one snake to gobble up the others, sending an angel or a demon around to mark the lintels of the doors so that the murdering demon who followed might have no trouble in selecting the innocent victims! Or can one conceive Jesus, in his dire extremity—in the very shadow and terror of death—on that last sad evening, with his friends, playing frivolous tricks with "psychologized water," and calling it wine! And now shall Spiritualists stoop to explain these absurdities by "occult science?" Shall they lend themselves to open the mouths of the gaping multitude a little wider, by interpreting the miracle of Cana in Galilee to mean a "remarkable psychological transformation?" Ye gods! That is to say that Jesus, in order to prove his divinity, played a transformation trick upon his credulous fellow guests at the marriage feast!

Heller, at Maguire's Opera House,

psychologized a tumbler full of paper shreds into a goblet of fragrant coffee, which filled the house with its perfume; and I submit that this was the nearest trick of the two. But while I admit that the pulpit has the undoubted right to amuse its hearers with these childish fables, even to the exclusion of the higher consideration of Christ's loving kindness, of his gentle pity, of his divine compassion, and of his deathless courage and fortitude in the shadow and hour of death—that Spiritualism has no business with those fables of the past, and that modern converts to Spiritualism, in retaining their religious superstitions, their miracles, their occultism, their astral bodies, their Karma Theosophy, and re-incarnation, have no right to tack these fads on as a tail to the kite of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism, under the teachings and crucial experiments of such distinguished men as Judge Edmonds, Professors Hare, Wallace, Crookes, Varley, Zollner, Fechner, and hosts of other scientific observers, takes rank as a demonstrable science, inviting scrutiny and defying refutation; but let it be saddled with every myth that comes along, whether from this side or from the other, and it at once loses its invulnerability, exposing itself and its adherents to the shafts of ridicule. Of all the superstitions, which, of late years, have attached themselves, like barnacles, to the splendid ship, Allan Kardec's re-incarnation fad is the most pernicious.

It would destroy the family relation which continues to exist in the spirit world, where it is forever established in harmony, founded and perpetuated upon the law of love.

Upon this subject the good spirit "Boniface" says in the *Banner of Light*: "Spiritualism brings abundant evidence to prove that a spirit, upon leaving his earthly tenement, takes upon himself a new form, similar in construction and appearance to that which he formerly inhabited, and which is adapted to his wants and purposes. He becomes an inmate of the spiritual world, privileged to press forward in the attainment of knowledge; to engage in whatever labor he finds congenial to him and adapted to his nature; to attain to a comprehension of truth, and in all things to advance in wisdom; thus becoming a progressive and spiritualized being."

"Were such a spirit, after leaving the mortal form, to take possession of the form of an infant and be born again upon earth, all such spiritual attainment, all high, exalting knowledge and comprehension of truth, would be impossible; to be obliged to go over again earthly experiences, limited to material existence. Spiritualism, in all its teachings, proves the contrary of this."

"Spiritual life is free and natural, and I can not conceive of an unnatural existence; for He who plans and designs all worlds, and all systems of life, ever works in accordance with law. He who is himself in harmony with life and its conditions, will ever find himself amid harmonious relationships in the spirit world."

"We contend that this mortal existence is the first grade of experience and unfolding for the advancing spirit, and it certainly would be out of place for such a spirit, born into the spiritual world surrounded by all the conditions of spiritual life, to be obliged to again express itself through matter. It would be a downward tendency, rather than an upward one."

"As the little child first enters the primary school, and begins with the rudimentary principles of knowledge, steadily advancing step by step until he is qualified to enter a higher grade of learning, and is finally in a condition to enter college, where his education will be finished,—so the spirit first expresses itself through mortal life, and there gains its first rudimentary ideas of existence, and gaining knowledge until it enters the spiritual world, there to take upon itself higher studies, enter broader fields of investigation, press on day after day, through grade after grade of knowledge, until it becomes a matured and perfected being. There is no retrogression; the law of the spirit is irrevocable."

Surely this teaching of the spirit Boniface is conclusive, rational and comprehensible, certainly of as high authority, as the unnatural speculation of Allan Kardec and his disciples; "and dissimilar," says the *Banner of Light* of the 4th instant, "as the orthodox heaven and hell; the revival of theosophy, with all its element-

(Continued on Third Page.)



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

**A Mother's Prayer—A Story of Spirit Life.**

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

She sat with a group of beautiful angels, under an arbor formed of trailing vines laden with blossoms. The bright waters came up to their feet, and swept away to the remote sky line of purple mists. Over the waters rested a dreamy sky, flecked with soft clouds and redolent with perfume. The breeze from the water fanned them with refreshing coolness, and mingled their sweet voices with the low whisper of the wavelets on the shore of amethyst. Above them towered a beautiful palace, fashioned as of all precious stones, polished in facets and angles, or rounded into domes, as though plastic beneath the touch of a Master.

She sat, happy and joyous with the group of angels, her face radiant, yet with eyes dreamy and retrospective. A more charming group could not be imagined, for the divine radiance of perfected lives shone from every face. Had they ever been wrinkled by care, pinched by suffering, soiled by contact with sordid things, unselfish love had washed all away and left the shiny metal of spiritual excellence. They called her Mona, a new name by which she was baptized into her new life at her second birth. Mona, whose heart was full of happiness, so full that the old life on earth seemed like a dream, and unsubstantial were those who had been nearest and dearest to her.

"You say," she said in soft accents, "that a year has passed since I came to you! A year, and I am scarcely awake yet? I expect every moment to awake and find that this beauty and joy will vanish."

Then one of the sisters replied: "Your experience is like to ours. We pass through the gateway of death, and arise weak and helpless from the ruin of the physical body. The change is so great we are dazed by the transformation, and months and years must go by before we become accustomed to our surroundings."

"I remember well," replied Mona, "the days before my coming here. That means death, does it not? I remember how much I suffered, the nights and days of pain, but I do not remember in the least the departing moments. I must have slept, for when I awoke you were around me; and we floated away, away, until we came to this delightful abode."

"It is merciful, in the ordering of events, that pain places the cup of forgetfulness to the lips, and anesthetizes the mind, that the great transition may take place in the calmness of unthinking rest. When the celestial body emerges from the terrestrial, when the terrestrial eyes are closed on earthly things forever, and the terrestrial ear is deaf to earthly sounds, then the celestial vision becomes clear; the celestial ear becomes acute to the sweet harmony of the spheres, and the spirit is fully awake to the new world around him."

"Ah, I know only too well! And as we talk of the old earth-life my thoughts go back, and I remember clearer the scenes of that stage of my existence. My heart yearns for those I have left. You know that I have a husband there and a little boy. He was such a sweet child of six Summers. Say, my sisters, do you know that he thinks of me? Does he think of his mamma in the heavens?"

"He thinks of you," one replied; "he loves his mamma, and his voice ascends in every prayer that she may watch over him."

"And I have not heard!" she said self-reproachfully. "I have not heard his prayer! Have any of you seen him? Has he grown large and strong? Does he miss and grieve for me?"

"It would be natural for him to grieve," responded a brother who stood outside circle; "but you must remember that in childhood happily new impressions efface the old, and the friendships of to-day are stronger than those of yesterday."

"Can I not return to them? Can I not, dear sisters, go to my old home? It was a pleasant home. The river stretched away over the plain, and the cottage, shaded with magnolia, was lovelier than our palace to me!"

"You can return now, because you are thinking so strongly of that home. Your thoughts produce the magnetic stream which will bear you thither. That you have not been there before was simply because you did not think with sufficient intensity."

"Can I go? Can I go?" cried Mona, with childish enthusiasm. Then thoughtfully: "Alone? Will not some one go with me?"

"I will attend you, sweet sister," replied Albreda, placing her arm around her waist and drawing her close; "I will attend, but before we go, I wish to prepare you, so should we not find all things as you left them, you may not be disappointed. Remember when you enter the earth sphere you will become subject to earthly influences, and grief and regret will take the place of the joy that now fills your soul."

"And will the grief remain? Can I not cast it aside?"

"When you arise out of its sphere it will depart, but it will bring your heart sorely while you remain."

"Then we will go, and I thank you, sisters, all; and Albreda, how can I ever express my gratitude to you for your kindness?"

With the thought they arose, their arms still entwined, and glided as a beam of light, swift moving past the headlands which overlooked the earth. No arrow from a bow ever sped with truer aim than they on the shaft of love, impelled by the attraction of its ardent desire. They reached the cottage overlooking the winding river, which, in the low October sun, reflected the rocky cliffs and woody shore of its further banks, and the fleecy clouds in the misty sky. There was a hush over the world as though the Winter's coming was felt with instinctive dread, as the sun circled lower in the Autumn days. Gorgeous beyond expression was the forest in crimson and gold, and the frosts had not yet cut the stems of the rustling leaves for the gusty winds to whirl in fantastic play. Beautiful world, asleep in a veil of purple mist, intoxicated with the rich nectar of ripened archbays, and breaking vine, forgetful that death comes again, and the tremulous music of all full-throated birds of song in groves aflame with the tints of carmine will yield to the harsh caw of the crow flitting over the chilling fields of glittering snow.

There were children at play on the steps, and a sweet voice floated out of the open door singing an old song—an old song which comes from the heart and goes to the heart, as no new song may do, or can. Sweet old words, which once were heard falling in simple melody from lips, every curve of which was sweetness; they can never be displaced by the new which have no one so loved to sing them into our souls.

Children at play, talking of the goblins of the wood, or the wonder tales of fairy land, as the women had talked and wondered since time began, but her child was not there! Mona and Albreda passed through the doorway into the familiar parlor, which remained unchanged. The former threw herself in the armchair, in which she had rested during the early stages of her last illness, and the flood of memories came pouring in upon her. She was no longer a spirit, but bound to earth by its countless ties. She was seized through her affections, her emotions, feelings and intellectual desires. Her bosom was torn with poignant regrets; her head was burning with the love which had been so long dormant. Here was her old home, fashioned and decorated with her own hands, and replete with attractions which heaven, now dim and blotted out, could not furnish. She gave full sway to her bitter grief, which her attendant did not seek to assuage, for she well knew that it were best for tears to fall on the blazing embers of earthly emotions, and thus bring to pass more surely their final extinguishment. She came and gently laid her hand on Mona's forehead with soft magnetic touch which spoke more eloquently than words of deep sympathy, and appreciative feeling.

"Oh, Albreda, I can not bear it! You told me, you told me, but I did not, I could not believe or understand! I saw that you all shrank from entering the earth sphere; I did not know that it brought you pain."

"Ah, dearest, none of us escaped the burdens imposed by earth-life, and to re-enter its sphere is to take on again its conditions and feel the influence of old environments. If we come to earth, it is in fulfillment of some duty, on some errand of mercy, and not from choice."

"My husband and my child! I ought to find them here, had I not? They ought to come to meet me with kisses and smiles!"

Then the lady whose voice had been heard entered and busied herself arranging in the room, singing in a low, dreamy tone the time, and unheeding the guests, whom she entertained unawares.

"Will she not think us rude, to have thus unannounced entered her room?" whispered Mona.

"Nay, she can not see us; she does not know that we are here. I read from her mind—sweet sister, your husband is not here."

"Not here, then where is he, and how shall I find him?"

"Be calm; it is not bad news; he has passed to our side."

"Is he dead? I mean has he, too, been born a spirit?" she cried in joy, springing from the chair.

"Aye, he is now a spirit this half year past."

"For six months, and I have not known it? Why has he not come to us, to the palace by the sea?"

"You knew it not, because you have not been able to approach this sphere, and he has not come to us because, as I understand him, he was not of our sphere of thought."

"And shall I never behold him?"

"That depends on his attainments. If he is baptized in the light and truth as you are, he will reach us; but if he is stained with earth-life, then he will not leave the light to which he is attracted, and here will remain."

"Forever!"

"Nay, forever is an endless time, and he may be led to the light in a year, a score, a century, sometime, and then it will be blessed for you to meet. It would not be now, for he would fill your soul with the burdens of that life from which you have escaped, and hold you from the turning wheel of regret."

"But my child! He lives, or if he is

a spirit, will he also be kept from me by this iron wall of repulsion?"

"A child can have no such repulsion for its mother. Your child lives in earth-life, but not here."

"Then I am not to see him! All this pain for nothing, and not see Lars, my own and only child!"

"You shall see him; and I will say to you, poor sufferer, that you must bind tight your heart, for it will ache, and be sorely pressed. The sad story is not told in its saddest part."

They glided out in the day. The sunlight fell in long lines over the hills, from the low reclining orb, folded in crimson clouds and fleecy mists. Passed out, and the lady of sweet voice, singing the old songs, knew not that angel guests had been with her, and listened to music which had brought back floods of earthly memories.

They passed to a city, where greed ground the children of toil beneath the wheels of its chariot, as the wheels of Juggernaut crush the suppliant devotee, and they heard a child's voice utter a plaintive cry above the turmoil of the jostling crowd. They saw a little boy in rags, with thin, pinched face, and great dark eyes, sad as death, crying a bundle of papers for sale. How few purchased, how many went by in silence, or glanced with scorn on the begrimed face and hands. Not one saw through the outer appearance the soul of the boy, or thought of him other than a street gamin, to be jostled the day, and at night to sleep in the street, or under the shelter of an empty box.

Not one? Nay, there was just one. His mother! She rushed to him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she called his name over and over and kissed him a thousand times. He felt her embrace less than the bending corn feels the softest south wind's breath. He called his papers, and received his pay; nor knew that the mother, to whom he had called in the one little prayer she had taught him, was so near.

To Mona the shock was terrible. She could not endure the thought that her child should not know that she was with him, and this all absorbing thought prevented her from realizing his forlorn condition. Weary of her unavailing efforts she threw herself into the arms of her companion, the only one who could respond, and again passionately wept. Partially restored to self-possession, she gazed on her boy, and then perceived the marks of poverty and suffering one short year had stamped on his face.

"Lars, Lars!" she cried, "how came you here? Have you nothing to eat? Nothing to wear? Are you without home or shelter?"

Then Albreda spoke soothingly, and explained to the stricken mother, and gently drawing her away, by the force of her will, for she knew that no good could come from prolonging this painful experience, she moved toward the headlands beyond which the palace was situated, and they soon found themselves in the delightful circle of their friends. Having passed out of the earth spheres, Mona no longer suffered the torture of her wounded affections, but as she sat in the midst of those loving hearts, her face reflected the emotions she had experienced. She remembered her boy in the streets, pale, hungry and friendless; remembered as in a dream, and she turned with a sad smile to her nearest, and said:

"Would it be wrong for me to pray?"

"Wrong? To pray is to express the heart's desires, and we all pray to each other, and to the higher courts of light, for guidance, for counsel, for assistance. Pray, O sister, if thy heart is of prayer, for it is the expressed perfume of homage the finite pays the infinite."

"I may pray. It is not wrong, but if my prayer is selfish—if it be the cry of a selfish soul, for a selfish object?"

"Then it will receive no answer, or defeat itself."

"It may appear selfish to you, and not appear in that light to the angels."

"I know it is selfish," replied Mona.

"My boy! He is suffering. The earth-life for him is dark and starless. I would pray that he might come to me."

"The Father only can judge. Perhaps it may be for the best, for his life might be stained with crime, and his days blackened with a record of misdeeds."

Thus encouraged, Mona voiced her soul in prayer:

"Lars! Lars! from the shadow of earth, from the life of blasting sorrows, my own boy, dear Lars, come up to me. Infinite Father, grant my request, as thou hast given me life in heaven, bring him to me!"

A sweet peace filled her soul with unspeakable gladness, and she knew some how, sometime her prayer would be answered.

Night brooded the heavenly landscape with her purple wring of repose, and the morning came as the chorus of an anthem.

Mona was by the shore alone; every fibre of her heart tense and thrilling with strange vibration. She turned, and by her side stood her boy, as a beautiful spirit. Her eyes were filled with the remembered love light; his flaxen hair fell over his white forehead, and stretching out his hands, he rushed into her arms with the glad cry of "mamma" uttered in the tones she well remembered.

Her prayer had been answered. One who had foreseen had watched the child, who received the departed spirit, and brought him safely to his mother's arms.

BERNAL HEIGHTS, Ohio, Feb. 26, '88.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

**Facts and Fragments.**

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

I am very glad to notice, not only a growing interest in the phenomenon of independent slate writing, but an increase of those having the gift of that phase of mediumship; and not only that, but the fair, open and unmistakable manner of giving the manifestation. We do not now, as formerly, have to put the slates out of sight, or under the table, or put them under the control of the medium, which, with sceptical people, seemed an opportunity for changes, or sleight of hand, though I am aware perfect evidence could be obtained, and was, of honesty, even under such objectionable conditions. But when relating the circumstances to others, it is better under these new and better conditions, as we can state them clearly, and there can be no mistake, but deliberate falsehood, on the part of the narrator.

I am something like my old friend Epes Sargent, who considered independent slate writing the most interesting and convincing of all the manifestations; and in the way that the mediums for this phase manifest to-day, it is absolute proof of being the work of departed spirits. Whatever may be thought of materialization of forms, which many good Spiritualists, owing to the conditions and supposed frauds, do not believe in—but of which, I would have it distinctly understood, I have had as absolute proof, as I have that ink and paper are now before me; but this slate writing is in the light, and if evidence of the senses is proof, the presence and activity of the departed are manifest, and cannot be anything else. Mr. C. D. Cowan, the husband of Mrs. Amanda Cowan, the materializing medium, has developed into a slate writing medium, and is a remarkably good one. I have lately had a sitting with him, at noon the other day, and had some half a dozen messages in perfect light. I had the control of the slates, and I am sure they were messages from departed spirits. I wrote the names of half a dozen spirit friends, asking a question of each. I wrote these on pieces of paper, while the medium was out of the room, and rolled them up into pellets, which I kept in my possession; and I got an intelligent answer from each, the spirit signing his name in full. Some of the answers were very much as the parties would have answered, whether done by the medium's control, or the special spirits I do not know, but that it was the work of spirits, and not of mortals in the form was obvious.

The incident which I mention in the next fragment would indicate identification, and is so remarkable a test, that I think I had better give it a setting by itself. I will only say in closing this fragment, that when about through, all the questions were answered that I had written. The medium said, "Stop, I think another spirit wants to say something." So I took two slates and washed them, and laid one on top of the other, with a bit of pencil between them, and laid my two hands on them. Nothing coming, the medium took a pencil and wrote on the top one as they lay there before me, "Sit on the slates." At his, or the spirit's request, I laid them on my chair just as they lay on the table, and sat on them, no one touching them but me, and then the medium and I joined hands, he sitting on the opposite side of the table. Instantly I heard and felt the scratching of the pencil under me. I stopped then, and I took up the slates and found a message from my son, such as a son would write to his father, and signed by his home and pet name. If I have been clear in my statement, I think no one will question that that was an independent intelligence, and I really think it was from my son; that it was from a spirit is absolutely certain.

After we had had some communications through independent slate writing, that were certainly from departed spirits, the medium, Mr. Cowan, said: "I get C. W. Are those the initials of any of the names that you have written?" and I said no. I should say that I had written the names of some spirit friends and asked a question of each, rolling the papers up into small pellets, and nobody saw the names. When I said none of them were C. W., the medium said, "They are the initials of some friend who wants to communicate." I then took one of the remaining pellets in my hand, and expected it to be answered, as the others were, when the following message was written:

"Dear friend Wetterberg—I think you will be very much surprised to hear from me to-day. It is truly a grand chance to demonstrate our Spiritualism, through this manner of communicating (which is proof palpable) that we still live. When I opened my eyes, I found I had only passed through a thin veil, and great was my joy to see many of the dear loved ones who had gone before, and see their smiling faces once again.—Dr. C. Warren."

"Why," says I, "that is the C. W." I do not know any Doctor Warren, nor Dr. Cowan. "He comes to you," said he, "don't you know any Dr. Warren?" I said there were some old Boston celebrities named Dr. Warren, but bloods, but I never knew them or ever saw them; and if it were they, they would not come in that familiar way to me."

Then, as if this invisible Dr. Warren heard our conversation, he wrote on the slate before us as follows:

"Don't you know me? I passed out a short time since—only three weeks. I wore a wig."

Instantly, I knew who it was. The reason why I did not think of my old friend was because I did not know he had died, having seen him perfectly well about a month before. In fact, I did not know whether he was dead then, and the medium did not know him; but I said that if he were dead it would be a remarkable test. I had seen a great deal of this Dr. Warren during the past two years, at meetings and at circles for materializations. His wig was very noticeable. It was not to disguise his age, for he was a man past seventy, and his white hair was visible an inch or two below his brown wig, on the back of his head, so that the wig was very noticeable; and on his saying, "I wore a wig," immediately I felt it must be he.

I attended a meeting the same evening at the lower hall of Ayre's Temple, and, being called upon to speak, I related these circumstances, asking if any one present knew this Dr. Warren. If it had been as when several responded, saying he had died about three weeks before, very suddenly, having been out to meeting only a week before his death.

Now, as I was not thinking of him, and the medium never having seen him, and, when identified, I had only the spirit's word for the fact (which proved to be true), it does seem to me that it was an independent intelligence, which, with me, always means a departed spirit, but I really think it was the Doctor himself, taking the opportunity of letting me know of his exit. This would have been, under the circumstances, a grand test from any medium, when neither of us knew the fact and had to find it out subsequently; but with the slate writing also, it seems doubly so.

Among the list of lectures advertised by that bright free-thinker, B. F. Underwood, is this one: "A Common-Sense View of the Bible." Common sense is the democratic expression of rational thought. It is the age of reason, the age of rationalism, the age of common sense. They all mean the same thing. The scholar, the scientist, the liberal preacher, say rational thought; but the man of affairs, the business man, the every day man, says common sense, meaning the same thing. The latter, or man of affairs, either of high or low degree, prides himself with having no other sense but "common sense." There is an eloquent ring to the word, but when you simmer it down how uncommon it is. The common-sense view of things in general, as well as the common-sense view of the Bible, is what we are all tending to. It is, as we have said, "the age of common sense."

The common-sense view of the Bible is what will save it. I think more of it to-day, looking at it with common-sense eyes, than I did a score or two of years ago, thinking it holy because it was labelled so. Common sense says that God had no more to do with that book than he had to do with any other. It is not his revelation. He never wrote it, never edited it, and never inspired it by inspiring men to do it. I do not deny inspiration. Literature is full of it. Paradise Lost, Young's Night Thoughts, Pilgrim's Progress, and thousands of other human efforts, are just as much inspired as the Bible. Common sense says the Bible is a man-made book, like any and every other book.

God is not responsible then for the mistakes of Moses, or for any subsequent writer in it. The book stands squarely on its own intrinsic merits—simply as a book. It is by no means as holy as many books that are not marked holy. But for its age, which is said to be the same as that of Esop's fables and the laws of Solon, we value it, and still more for its records of spirit influences and manifestations, which had begun to be looked upon as fables. But now we are having the same manifestations, which change the ancient fables into facts.

Truly, as Mrs. Richmond said, "The Bible is a sealed book, without modern Spiritualism." But with it the book is indeed a revelation, not from God but from "departed spirits." The independent writing of to-day makes the handwriting on the walls of Belshazzar, and the decalogue on the two tables facts. We can find a woman of Endor to-day as readily as King Saul did, and interview the departed as he did the old prophet.

It does seem to me that what the clergy of Christianity want more than anything else is this common-sense view of the Bible. And then let them draw from it the fact that Abraham, and Lazarus, and the rich man who was so uncomfortable, and Moses, and Elias, and every other man or angel that has been introduced to us from the other world, in that book, were men who had survived death, thus proving a "life hereafter;" and thus the stone they are so afraid of and reject, would become the head of the corner. One of these days it will be so; to some extent it is so now, but other names are given to it.

In my opinion this generation will not pass away without modern Spiritualism and the Bible being reconciled by the clergy; and who will say they always thought so, just as I know ministers to-day who said they were always Abolitionists, who, I positively know, gave the cold shoulder to Garrison, Phillips, and Parker, because anti-slavery was unpopular. Ministers are apt to be cowards.

BOSTON, February 21, 1888.



# An Old Sea Captain on Re-embodiment.

Continued from First Page.

ary spirits, its floating human shells (astral bodies), and the mystical brotherhood of the Himalaya mountains, having no direct bearing upon the present phase of Spiritualism; upon which, if we would build, we must have a foundation of solid facts, "lest, like the pure and affectionate teachings of the early Christians, Spiritualism should become in danger of being engulfed by attempts to engraft upon it theories entirely foreign to its present mission."

"The law of the spirit is irrevocable." That is to say, an individual spirit can no more, of its own volition, resume its earthly residence, than it could, of its own volition, make an experimental residence in the Sirian planet, which is all contrary to the simple teachings of intelligent spirits.

But let us analyze this re-incarnation theory. Shall I, when I expect to meet my father on the other side, be in danger of learning from a mutual friend that he whom I seek had resolved to re-incarnate, and be told, "Your father is now Tom Jones' baby; you will find him with his nurse;" and this kind of thing, we are gravely told, may occur *ad libitum*, until the much re-incarnated baby shall get sick of the nursing bottle. And another objection occurs. How could a full-grown spirit—for we are told that even a child grows in the spirit world to the full stature of man or womanhood—how could such a spirit condense itself, like Sinbad's genii in the Arabian tales, into the bulk of an infant? "Let us be honest," says Col. Ingersoll, "and confess that as between a gnostic and an agnostic, the latter has the more sense and modesty of the two."

"The disposition to pervert spiritual truths to superstitious ends has been and is inherent in all nations. The priest of ancient India and the priest of to-day differ in this respect only in methods." And now shall Spiritualism lend its authority to forge additional chains to fetter the human mind instead of fulfilling its mission to sweep away the miserable cobwebs of the past; to bring light out of darkness; to cheer the sorrowful; to bring comfort to the bereaved, who must always feel that parting, in any case, oh parting is such pain; and in place of inventing new mysteries to essay, to elevate the mind to the contemplation of higher things, something better than the current pulpit traditions of a barbarous age, concerning which your correspondent, John Cunningham, admirably says that no Bible miracle is more surprising than the existing fact; that the amazing crudities of what is claimed to be the religion of "civilization should be insisted upon and taught, not as a remnant or outcome of barbarous superstitions churched into a system of clerical power and livelihood, but as (in one sense) the veritable Logos!" And shall these teachers of fossilized follies be mollified by Spiritualists feigning to believe in the credibility of their childish fables, and not only pretending to believe, but attempting to rival and even excel their absurdities? Take, for instance, the message through the mediumship of Mrs. Fox, from her late spouse, coolly informing her that he had found his angel mate in the "halls of light," and that while "not believing in the foolish trash preached from the pulpits," he did believe in many re-incarnations, and expects, through repeated incarnations, to learn all life's lessons, etc.

Now, here occurs the question left unexplained by Mr. Fox, "What becomes, after all these proposed re-incarnations, of all the Mrs. Foxes, terrestrial and celestial?"—he has already two. Do they ultimately form a kind of harmonious Mormon colony in the "halls of light?" There is also another question which we have a right to have elucidated in the consideration of so novel a theory. Do re-incarnated infants retain their previous memory, or are they playing possum when they pretend to be unintellectual babies? Certainly, if they lose memory in the transfer they lose identity. Immortality is individual identity; not the identity of ever-changing matter, but of the individualized eternal Ego, whose attributes are will, thought, and memory. Take these away, what remains of the entity? Perchance a breath of dissoluble magnetism?

But these concessions to superstition appear to avail nothing with the class to whom the sop is offered—a concession which was probably made in the first instance to reconcile Christian mythology with Spiritualism, and, if possible, with common sense. On the contrary, the clergy are rampaging worse than ever; and in the *Banner* of the 11th ult. we are told that Dr. Beard had announced the discovery that "all manifestations occurring in the presence of mediums did not really occur, but that the unfortunate person who consulted a medium was suffering under a delusion of mesmeric tricks, that he was hypnotized by the medium, that he had in reality witnessed nothing." This explanation is also adopted in some cases by your correspondent, Mr. Colville.

But here we are confronted with the dilemma, How know when we are hypnotized, and when not? Where shall we draw the line? As Hudson Tuttle says, "The Divine who does not comprehend the growth of a blade of grass feels himself fully adequate to explain the attributes of an Infinite God, and the more ignorant he is the more readily will he undertake the task." Surely, then he could solve so simple a thing as a question of hypnotization.

But Dr. Beard, quoted by the *Banner*, is charitable compared with our California Divines; for in the *Bulletin* of the 21st ult. we are told that at a meeting held the previous day, "All the Congregational ministers denounced Spiritualism as from the devil; alike pernicious, degrading, and demoralizing to mediums and all concerned." Conceding this to be so, our old acquaintance must be having a gay time all over the world, a real ubiquitous devil. I wonder if it was the devil that saved my brother, Frank, from going into the bay one stormy night in 1852; if it was, I certainly think it was very kind of his Majesty. The circumstance was this: We had several ships in the harbor, three or four of them; the "York," the "Mentor," the "Eleanor," and another, I think the "John Braver," were lying at their anchors in the light between Kinson Point and Long wharf, as it was then called. It was blowing a heavy south-easter, pouring with rain, and dark as Erebus. We felt somewhat alarmed lest the ships might drag from their moorings and get foul of the wharf. Frank volunteered to go down the wharf and see if they were all right. He told me afterwards that while he was peering out into the darkness at the end of the wharf to see if he could make out the ships, and just as he was about to make another step, which would have been into the bay, he suddenly felt an arm round his waist dragging him forcibly back into safety. He slewed around to thank his preserver, but there was not any one there. To be sure, it might have been the devil, as our Christian friends say, or it might have been hypnotism; but all the same it was a good thing, as I could not have spared my brother Frank just then. Talking the matter over later, I remarked that I could not conceive how an intangible thing could have muscular strength. We were sitting alone on a sofa, when he said: "Your father has just entered the room. He is sitting between us, and says that if you will permit him, he will show you his strength." I replied that I should be glad, supposing he would move the table, open the door, or ring the bell, which had already been frequently done. But when I made the reply, I saw Frank laugh. He had anticipated what my father was about to do; and in an instant I was projected off the sofa into the middle of the room, as if shot from a catapult. With Frank it was an accident, but with me it was a tangible, evidence of irresistible strength.

Hasta Luego,  
A. Y. E.

## Why Do I Live?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

"Why am I alive and for what purpose do I live?" was the question discussed by our Society last Sunday evening. The house was crowded by attentive listeners, and many speakers gave in their opinions, and many were quite positive that they understood the question in all its bearings.

Some knew why they were alive, and had their purposes in life well defined; but for my part I could not tell why I was alive, nor had I any positive knowledge for what purpose I was living. When I looked back over sixty years of my past life, my wonder was that "I still live." When I reflected how many times in the past how close I had been to death's door, how many hair-breadth escapes from certain death; and when I further reflect that only a few—so very few—of all those who used to meet with me and mingle in life's busy scenes, remain on the earth plane to-day, well might I ask myself, "Why do I live?"

To me this is one of the unsolved problems, one of the great mysteries, that lies yet far in the future. To what time I know not, and for what purpose do I live—that is just as great a mystery. True, I have wife and children that are as dear to me as life itself, and one would say I live for them; and that is true in one sense. It is true I live for the good I can do for others, the lessons I can learn for myself, the knowledge I can gain of this life, the glimpses I can get of the life to come. All these, in one sense, constitute the purpose for which I live, but how far short that comes of the real purpose for which I live, I cannot say.

When I look back over the past, I can discover how far short I was in early life in my purposes and aspirations for the future of what has come to pass.

Thus may I conclude that as days and years unroll the future, I may have new ideas of the purposes of life. The revelations that have been made from the spirit world give us new knowledge every day, enlarging our understanding, and making life of more value as our knowledge increases. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

A POPULAR young lady of Orlando, (Fla.) has so trained a large and intelligent dog, that whenever a visitor stays too late he sits down in front of him, yawns, and shows all the signs of being very sleepy. If the young man is bright he takes the hint.

OMAR ABDALATIF thus summarizes the Mohammedan faith: "Prayer carries us half way to God; fasting brings us to the door of his palace; and giving to the poor procures us admission."

"I'm going to leave, mum." "What for?" "I am sure I have done all the work myself, in order to keep a girl." "Well, mum, ther work's not done to suit me!"—*Puck.*

## Conflicting Messages.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The enclosed communication from Father Kenyon, written through the hand of his mutual friend and brother, H. H. Kenyon, in reply to a question, and as it contains so much that is both entertaining and instructive to all earnest, honest seekers after truth, and also Kenyon having given his consent, I forward it to you for publication, trusting that you may desire to place it in the columns of the GOLDEN GATE.

The question to which the message is a response, originated in this way: The writer having attended a seance at which two messages independently written were given in the same evening, both purporting to come from, and being signed with the same name, but in different style, language, and writing, one of which utterly repudiates the other, saying it was written without the consent or authority of the signer, and having also been taught from the spirit sources that in the Summer Land "we know as we are known," in other words, the mind and acts of each individual in spirit life when drawn together in the same company were supposed to be an open page to those who read the two messages referred to, coming at the same seance, through the same medium, and within a few minutes of each other; although they do not say without the knowledge of the respective writers, yet that impression is given.

As Father Kenyon was the seeming difference between the facts and the theory? Truly and fraternally yours,  
DANIEL COONS.  
1542 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—This trouble of conflicting messages from this side will continue to cause doubt and anxiety until the conditions governing spirit control and mediums is made plain to those in earth life.

If you could step across the way, and go with us into the atmosphere of the majority of seances, you would at once wonder that we can demonstrate the fact of our presence at all. You would be astonished upon realizing the influence of discord and vicious habits that belong to the persons present. Do you imagine that those from this side of life, where love and purity dwell, can be happy in an atmosphere loaded and poisoned with the fumes from persons tinctured with tobacco and other defiling influences? And aside from those dreadful influences, it seldom happens that any two persons desire the same thing in the way of evidence of immortality; while it is a fact that a greater number are simply expecting something wonderful to occur. All are in a state of expectant excitement, which does not bring good influences or conditions. Even if two or three are in harmony with us, they cannot create a spirit of confidence in the minds of the rest, because they are present from curiosity and are antagonistic. These conditions affect us very much in this work; hence we fail at times to convey any evidence of our presence.

There is a united effort upon our side to clear the sky, and do away with all things leaving a shadow or trickery upon or connected with our work. And with better conditions gathered into seances on your side, more harmony, more reliance upon individual thought, more confidence in each other, and a willingness to investigate this subject for the grand object of learning the truth, without regard to previous opinions, would soon open the door for us to come in a way that would not be questionable. When you can bring these conditions, we will be able to do away with much that now requires darkness to secure success. The waves of light, accompanied with those from unreasonable mental operation, are more than we can at all times overcome.

We also fully realize that there are none so blind as those who, having eyes, yet refuse to see; and they are always a cause of discord in any seance. At the same time there are many who are honestly looking for evidence of immortality, and who, having eyes, desire to use them upon all occasions; therefore we are working earnestly upon this side to bring influences together that will enable us to do away with darkness in seances. I am assured by those well versed in mediumistic work, that if you would be more careful in making up these meetings, and admit none except those who are honest with themselves and their companions, it would not be long before dark seances could be done away with. This we are earnestly working to accomplish, and with proper cooperation on your side it certainly can be accomplished.

It is an unusual thing for any one in earth life to awaken sufficient interest in any audience to expect a "revival of religion" in one evening. It requires time to lead your audience into a receptive and sympathetic condition, before any interest is aroused in the cause you are working for, and should three-fourths of your audience be stubbornly opposed to your effort, it would require considerable patience and earnest effort to overcome this, and do any good there; and we find the same trouble and have the same influences to overcome in the majority of seances. When we do find a company of harmonious persons, there is no trouble in giving unmistakable evidence of our presence; and then we are glad to hear and see you make a grand effort to hold up the hands and courage of your medium and our helper. In such case it does not require much back-bone to be firm in the right; but when we come and find an atmosphere of blind materialism, we are grieved, because we know that a failure will be charged to the medium, when he is in no way to blame. When the law that governs mediumistic work is better understood, it will be found that a great majority of failures in the seance room is chargeable wholly to the inharmonious brought by visitors, and under the control of the medium.

For the work given through this medium we have a company of workers, and we

never attempt to send messages, unless we have six of them present. Then we form a circle around her and the one in control, and at no time during the seance break the magnetic band that encircles her, nor allow strangers to interfere. When we do allow one not a worker with us to control, our circling band is made stronger by adding more of our workers who are *en rapport*, so as to overcome the strange or unfamiliar magnetism of the one trying to control. He could not control at all without our help, for his magnetism would at once cause a feeling of alarm in the medium. All the controlling band present understand and hear the message given. In our regular work we usually meet, and, after consultation, decide what subject to talk to you about, and select the one best adapted to that work.

Other mediums are not obliged to have the help of a band of workers, and with the one having control can send his message without others understanding his subject; and usually he passes out as soon as his work is done, and another stands ready to take control. In these seances it would be very easy for such a case as you mention to occur, for there is only one spirit *en rapport* with the medium.

We can not read each other's thoughts except when we are in perfect harmony or *en rapport* with each other. To-day I may be *en rapport* with a person, and the next time we meet not be able to read his thoughts at all. Harmony must be present to do this. You may wonder why those who take interest enough to induce them to communicate at all, do not remain until the seance is ended; but could you come into the work upon this side, and feel the inharmonious of the place, you would understand why we are glad to get away as soon as the work we are requested to do is completed.

You doubtless have noticed at times that mediums write very much faster at one time than another, and during the same seance. The cause for this is that the spirit in control is aware that he can not combat the influence of the meeting as long as he would like to, and hence hurries as fast as possible, so as to complete his work before his strength fails him, and gladly passes away from the meeting. All persons coming into the world of spirit life over the river are not free from a spirit of enjoying the surprises and perplexities of those they meet, and it takes considerable time upon this side to wash this out of their nature; for, be assured, to become a denizen of this world does not at once change the ruling passion of playing a trick upon any one they can.

You will please pardon me for saying so much that is not necessary, in order to answer your question, but we have excellent control at this time, and all are glad to greet you, and assure you that there is very much for the half blind in earth life to learn; and we rejoice to know that you are so willing to lead your neighbor into the path that leads to knowledge of the home beyond the one in the valley of the material. May the time soon come when this bright immortality shall shine so very clear, that a man, though a fool, need not err therein, nor fail to walk heavenward. Go ahead, my dear friend; the harvest is great, and the laborers are very few; but trust in yourself and guardian angels, and the path will lead you through pleasant pastures of soul enjoyment, while you remain below, and open to you greater happiness upon this side than is possible for you now to imagine. Your friend,  
FATHER KENYON.

## She Didn't Want It.

"Madam," he began as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are!" she responded. "Go down there on the grass and clean the mud off your feet."

"Yes'm. As I was saying, ma'am, I am sell—"

"Take off your hat! Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying—"

"Take your hands out of your pocket! No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on et—"

"Throw out your cud. If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable—"

"Wait! Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and use less grease on your hair. Now you look half way decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment'?" Very well. I don't want it. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning, and I think she needs something of the kind."

GENERAL W. used to live down in Southern Illinois. When he was in court as a witness, one of the lawyers asked him his name. "General W.," was the reply. "Were you in the late war?" "No, sir." "Were you ever commander of militia?" "No, sir." "Did you ever hold a military appointment?" "No, sir." "Then," asked the lawyer, with a sneer, "How did you get to be a general?" "I was born so," was the reply.—*Hudson Register.*

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.

## What Causes Cyclones?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There are many things in this world that we think we know, and many other things that we do not know. I would like to know the cause of cyclones. A few years ago I escaped one of the worst ones that ever struck Nebraska, by a mere accident—or good luck it might perhaps be called. Since then I have been trying to find out the cause of them. Not that I propose to put a stop to them; it is merely to satisfy my own curiosity.

I understand that some mediums have spirit controls who have lived many years in spirit life, and who are well acquainted with the laws of nature. Through that source of light I would like to get an answer. Now, Mr. Editor, I have a theory which I will advance. It may be old, but I have never heard it advanced by any one. I think the cause of cyclones is this:—

As this world goes rolling through space, surrounded by its own atmosphere, should we pass any of the small bodies, aerolites we may call them—should they be of sufficient size to hold their own and not be burned up by the heat produced by the friction caused by their passing through our atmosphere, I think they would produce just such results as we witness by cyclones. It would depend somewhat upon the direction they were going. I do not believe that they stand still, any more than the larger bodies that have defined circles.

I think it was at the Smithsonian Institute that I saw two large aerolites, that must have weighed nearly one thousand pounds each. When analyzed, they contain a large amount of sulphur. All those that have been picked up at different times and places look as though they must have been a burning mass, or at least been subjected to a great heat from some source. I think they were cold until they came within the atmosphere of the earth, when the friction set them on fire.

The cyclone that passed over Illinois a few days ago—I should judge that the body that caused the commotion in our atmosphere at that time must have been crossing our track, by the whirling, funnel shaped column of air that seemed to follow in its wake. The one I narrowly escaped in Nebraska must have been going in the same direction as the earth, only at a slower speed, as it produced a wave motion, or bounding motion, striking the earth about every one hundred rods, then bounding off, until finally the earth passed away from it.

Those who were within the range of its effect smelled a strong smell of burning sulphur, the same smell as is caused by burning pyrites of iron. I think the same smell has been noticed at other places where cyclones have occurred. Some would ask: "If that is so, why do we not have them in this mountainous country?" It may be that, surrounded by high mountains as we are, they throw them so high, or the mountains break the whirling current of air so much, that they seldom reach the valleys intervening.

It is said that a cannon ball shot into one at sea will get up a counter current of air, and breaks it up for the time. In open prairie country, where there is nothing to obstruct the passage of those aerolites, close to the earth, or at sea, where the way is all clear, we get the benefit of them. I hope some of our spirit friends will tell us about it. CICERO NEWELL.

FEBRUARY 29, 1888.

## A Cavalcade of Giant Spirits.

[E. W. Cressey in the World's Advance Thought.]

"The sons of God took their wives of the daughters of Enoch, and raised up giants in the land."

On the 27th of December last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was walking on the road about three-quarters of a mile south of the mill at Milwaukee, when I cast my eyes heavenwards, and behold I saw a little white speck issuing from the blue sky. It was about an hour east of south. It soon formed into the outlines of a human being, facing to the west. It was an aged man with heavy beard. He turned partly around and looked directly down at me for a moment, then wheeled and started slowly westward. Then I saw more coming in the same way, until there issued from the blue vault fully a hundred spirits. All came in the same manner, but seemed to come in and move on different lines. There were both men and women, the women with babies in their arms. I noticed two with two babes each, one in each arm. They all looked at me, with the exception of the babes, and then started on westward. O, how beautiful those infants were, radiant with a beauty not of earth! And I could see them as plainly as though they were but a rod away.

These spirits once inhabited physical bodies at least sixteen feet high, and a more intellectual looking company I never saw. They probably were spirits of a giant race, and emanated from another globe. I stood fully one hour watching them. They crossed the Willamette river between Elk Rock and Oswego. There seems to be a great spirit thoroughfare at that point, a great interplanetary spirit highway.

The man who truly loves, loves humbly, and fears not that another may be preferred, but that another may be worthier of preference than himself.—*Miss Mulock.*



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SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

We pass stringent laws against the traffic and use of opium, and at the same time license the sale of a narcotic, from the deadly effects of which a hundred men are slain to one from the former cause. How strangely inconsistent are the workings of the mortal mind.

The excessive "smartness" manifested by some of our alleged scientists in their treatment of spirit phenomena is paralleled only in their profound ignorance thereof. Where is the enlightened Spiritualist who has not seen mere babes who could confound them in their wisdom.

Any system of labor reform that does not strike at the liquor traffic, can not be other than a beating of the empty air; and yet the laboring classes themselves, who are the principal supporters of the saloons, are the last to join in a crusade against theirs and the world's common foe.

What matters it whether man is the result of one embodiment or one hundred? If we ever return to this planet for further experiences in the mortal, it will no doubt be for our good. However, but one embodiment at a time is all that should concern us, and how to find the highest and best expression therein.

Let no one imagine that all believers in psychic phenomena can be trained to think alike in aught except the bare fact of spirit existence and return. The mind is naturally prolific in theories and speculations, and will indulge therein say what we may. The trouble with many Spiritualists is that they are so wrapped up in their own vagaries that they have no toleration for the vagaries of others.

To accomplish the best work in any line of art or genius—in painting, sculpture, invention, poetry or music—the gifted one must lift his soul far above the jingle of gold, and hold himself close to the heart of his divine inspiration. The remuneration will surely come with his success—as a natural sequence thereof, but not as the inspiring cause. Would that we could impress this thought upon the minds of all gifted instruments for the manifestation of spirit power.

In tens of thousands of homes to-day, through one or more members of the household, comes the beautiful inspiration of the angel world. Wives, mothers, and daughters, and oftentimes husbands and sons, in vast numbers, are developing spiritual powers, often where they little dreamed such powers possible. In all such cases, where the aspirations and desires for the good and pure prevail, there is a quiet work of spiritual enlightenment and unfoldment steadily progressing, revolutionizing, harmonizing and sweetening family life as none but those thus blessed can understand.

The higher spiritual development—that is, development of the greatest use and benefit to the mediums and their immediate surroundings—can come to those only who take the least thought of themselves, or of the pecuniary advantages that may accrue to them from the exercise of their gifts. Not that a good medium, who gives his entire time to others, is not entitled to reasonable compensation for his services, especially if it is his only means of livelihood; but unless the money consideration is a secondary matter wholly, and the good that he can do of the first importance, his own spiritual nature derives no benefit from his gifts.

An intelligent friend of the writer, working long hours on a small salary—one much given to speculating on the philosophy and wherefore of human existence,—remarked to us, recently, that he had come to the conclusion that a future life was not desirable. We replied that whether desirable or not, did not change the fact—he would surely continue to live after the change we call death; that the true business of this life is to bring ourselves into harmony with nature, make the best of our opportunities, and do all the good we can, thereby the better preparing the spirit for the activities and enjoyments of the life to come. Looked at in a true light, hard work, and even poverty, may become blessings.

## PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

There is located in Boston a society that ought to be of great use in establishing the central facts of Spiritualism. It is called "The American Society of Psychical Research." We say it "ought to be," etc., but, notwithstanding it has declared as well authenticated certain of our spiritual phenomena, we have, judging from some of the prominent names connected with the society, no great exuberance of faith in its friendly intentions.

The society was organized two years ago, and comprises among its members most of the leading literary and social lights of Boston and vicinity. Among them, we are told, are Oliver Wendell Holmes, R. H. Dana, President Eliot of Harvard, Professors Agassiz, Bowditch, Royce and Minot of Harvard, Dr. A. A. Miner, Rev. Dr. H. M. Dexter, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, ex-Governor Robinson, Charles Carleton Coffin, the Rev. Edward Abbott, and many others of like caliber.

If the Hartford Professors named are disposed to be kindly disposed toward psychic phenomena, they have surely "turned over a new leaf," for it is well known they have ever, in the past, been hostile to the claims of Spiritualism. Besides, there is something so revolutionary, in a religious sense, in the spiritualistic philosophy, that it would seem that the learned and Reverend gentlemen, whose names are given above, would really be more interested in disproving, than in proving the truth.

And then the secretary of the society is Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., a graduate of Cambridge University, and said to be a man of great learning. If we are not mistaken, this gentleman was formerly connected with the London Society for Psychical Research—a society notoriously hostile to Spiritualism. We think, also, he is the same person of whom we were advised, about two years ago, by one of the first mediums of England, was about to come to this country, and who had made his boast that he could expose any physical medium who would consent to sit for him.

We hope we are mistaken in the man; if not, that we have been misinformed concerning his hostile attitude toward physical mediumship. And the well-attested instances of spirit power given by the secretary as results of their investigations, and published in the report as given in last Sunday's *Examiner*, would lead us to infer that we are mistaken.

## SENSIBLE BOYCOTTING.

Rev. Dr. Harcourt, of the Howard street Methodist Church, this city, sermonized on "Intemperance" last Sunday evening, and among other practical suggestions given, he advised the working classes to "boycott the saloons instead of their employers." That is a boycott in which the workmen would have the co-operation and hearty sympathy of every good man and woman in the land. It would be a strike where dollars and cents would come into the homes of the laboring classes instead of the privation of their salaries which, however small, enable the family to live above want.

It is strange the labor leagues have never instituted a strike along the line of the liquor traffic, never combatted that greedy enemy to the working classes.

Dr. Harcourt said that "he had caused to be obtained from different saloons on Kearny, 'Montgomery and Market streets, seven samples of intoxicating liquors, which he had analyzed, and the result of that analysis showed that 'apple brandy contained large quantities of sulphuric acid and glycerine; French cognac was 'largely composed of ether, arsenic and sulphuric acid; Holland gin contained considerable turpentine, arsenic and sulphate of zinc, and that one of the ingredients of rye whiskey 'was strychnine.'"

The speaker deprecated the habit of mothers giving soothing syrup to infants, which, he said, contained opium, and from which the child often acquired a craving appetite which led it to become addicted to strong drink in after life. He also quoted from a number of standard medical authorities, showing the great destructive element contained in alcohol to man's physical organization, especially the heart, brain and kidneys.

Every honest toiler in the country knows what a mighty destroyer the liquor saloon is, and yet the leagues are all silent. All strikes are more or less fruitless of good results till the saloon is included.

MR. COLVILLE'S FORTHCOMING WORK.—W. J. Colville's new book, "Mental Therapeutics," will go to press in a few weeks, at latest. All persons wishing to have questions answered in that volume, or to have embodied therein a record of spiritual healing which has indubitably taken place within their own experience, are respectfully requested to send such material as they deem appropriate to W. J. Colville, without delay. Address, 211 West Third street, Los Angeles. Regular subscribers to the *GOLDEN GATE* can send fifty cents as an advance subscription

to this office; all other parties desiring to subscribe for this unique and valuable work should send seventy-five cents to Mrs. Gorie, 6 Turk street, San Francisco, who is W. J. Colville's authorized agent for this forthcoming publication. This new work will constitute a needed and extremely important supplement to "The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," many thousand copies of which have been sold during the past year.

## THE TRUE FOUNDATION.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to the summit round by round."

This life can well be called a stairway in the temple of eternal progression—a stairway builded of many steps, patterned in many strange devices, constructed out of the granite of each life's experience, after his own fashion.

The wise architect looks well to the foundation-stone from which to build; for if your structure is not founded on the sure, firm basis of integrity of purpose and nobility of character, it must sooner or later crumble into ruins; and it is the first round that needs must be hewn out of indestructible rock, the solid, white marble of truth, and whoever lays the cornerstone of his temple on this rock has a foundation which shall endure the storms and vicissitudes of life unshaken.

Each one, with his own hands, must carve out and polish off each step that leads him to the summit. Not all the blood of all the saviors the world has ever known can lessen the obligation of an immortal soul to its divine self, set and sealed from eternity. It is only by putting to rout the errors and, perchance, evils, of our natures that we can become masters of the good; by vanquishing our lower tastes and desires can the higher triumph.

## ETERNAL REST.

"Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest." Such is the pious conclusion of an obituary notice which catches our eye in an Eastern exchange before us. We don't know what grudge the writer of said obituary could have had against the deceased that he should wish him an eternity of absolute idleness. To an active, busy soul, in this life, such a fate could not be otherwise than filled with horror. Perhaps deceased was "born tired," and really enjoyed doing nothing. Even then, it would seem, that after a million years or more of "rest," he would feel like stirring about, and exercising his spiritual joints a little. We have no doubt the writer of said notice really thought he was doing the departed spirit a favor; if so, he surely could not have stopped to consider the harm he was doing,—that is, if he had any idea his prayer would be granted.

"Eternal rest!" Oh, no, not for us—rather eternal activity and usefulness. We could be happy only when planning or laboring for the uplifting of our fellow-beings in knowledge and truth. Whoever imagines that the life of the spirit, in the other world, is to be eternally devoted to doing nothing, or even to singing hosannas to the Lord forever, with harp accompaniment, has but a very poor idea of a future life. There are no idlers in the Spiritualists' heaven; there is no place for drones; there will be work for each and every one, and in that work, whatever it may be, each will find his truest happiness, because he will realize that he is, in some way, working for the welfare of his brother spirits.

We must ever remember that through the gateway of death there is ever passing a mighty host of undeveloped spirits—the ignorant, the selfish, the sinful. These are the "spirits in prison,"—bound with the chains of their own undeveloped condition. Could you "rest" in peace with this multitude of souls needing and pleading for help? Not unless you are a hard shell Calvinist; and not long even then; for you would soon learn that there was a large section of your own spiritual nature that needed cultivating.

HONOR AT LAST.—Were there no suffering in this world, there would be no charity, no pain, no pleasure. It is alone from evil and wrong we derive virtue and good, because they are perceivable only by contrast. Did they exist supremely, we should not know them. The above is suggested by a paragraph about Calvin Fairbank, the Abolitionist hero, who received thirty-five thousand one hundred and fifty lashes at the hands of Southern jailors, but who is still living in sound health at Angelica, N. Y. It is now proposed to raise the sum of thirty-five thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, one dollar for each stroke of the lash Mr. Fairbank endured, and with it endow a college for the education of colored children. While there are no more "black abolitionists" to lay up fame for the future, there are numerous other causes and principles that need the championship of great-souled and brave men like Calvin Fairbank. While there is no longer the wish of vengeance, there is scorn, ridicule and contempt for those who stand in the van of reform, proclaimers of the new, and the dissolution of the old. Turning the world from the dead past has been the work of some in all the ages. The sacrifice of their lives entered into the strength of their living purpose, and it won ultimately. One hundred or so of years in spirit land does not matter; victory here is victory there!

## UNKIND.

"Death is swallowed up in victory," but alas for the so-called dead, some of whom pass through trials and tribulations now, in seeking to demonstrate to mortals the natural (there is nothing supernatural) relations between their world and ours.

Vincennes, Ill., has a house a century old, now occupied by Mrs. Dell Freeman, who, judging from circumstances, is the first person who ever lived in it to whom its former inhabitants, and may be others, seeking mediums, could manifest their continued existence, and perhaps relate some of their happenings in this, as many of the demonstrations would indicate.

One day a tall, slim man was discovered in the cellar, when another man was set to watch his doings. The only satisfaction gained was in seeing the strange figure vanish like a puff of smoke. At another time a black velvet coffin, without lid, was noiselessly carried through the room by two undefinable shapes; in the coffin was plainly visible a dark-faced man.

On one occasion all the persons in the house saw a blue flame sweep down from the ceiling. "Home, Sweet Home," was beautifully played on the clock wire, and guitar music is often heard proceeding from an invisible instrument. A man comes out from behind the bookcase, surveys those present and disappears; the doors of the same softly open and close, times in succession. Again, sweetest strains of music fill the house, as if from a band of trained musicians.

Mrs. Freeman is not a Spiritualist, and thinks these strange people "have little right to be parading her house at unreasonable hours, in 'the garb of the living, but with the scent of the tomb about them.'"

Several years ago a man was murdered in the house, but Mrs. Freeman does not believe the tragedy has any relations to these manifestations. Like all other persons unwilling to be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, Mrs. Freeman will hear nothing about it, but attributes all to the tricks of legerdemain, practiced upon her by some one desiring to frighten her from the premises; hence, she will continue to employ policemen to ferret out the cause.

If Mrs. Freeman is really disturbed by these demonstrations, there is just one way to put an end to them. The visitors are no subjects for police authority. Mrs. Freeman should call to her aid another medium good as herself, and honestly and sympathetically interrogate those who would then speak. One of them is doubtless bound to the place by violence done him in the body. How eagerly we give ear to the woes of a mortal friend, coming to us for comfort and strength. Should we be less attentive to one who has not our methods of telling his distress?

## A GOOD MOVE.

A very popular means of getting rid of obnoxious persons in these days, is to have them examined for a "small consideration," and adjudged insane. It is probably not an exaggerated statement to say the insane asylums of our land, to say nothing of other countries, have been prison houses to thousands who were never insane until sent there. The whole country is slowly becoming suspicious that flagrant wrong is done and concealed under writs of commitment for insanity, and a great majority of those procuring their ought themselves to be put under legal restraint.

New York is the first to take active measures in behalf of the alleged insane. A bill has been framed, which declares that no person said to be insane, shall be committed to an asylum, public or private, except upon trial by jury, and no person shall be committed to or held in an asylum unless a judge of a court of record shall first direct the sheriff to summon within five days, twenty-four persons qualified to serve as jurors, from whom twelve shall be chosen as a jury to determine the mental condition of the person alleged to be insane. At least five days' notice shall be given the accused, and the trial shall be conducted as a trial for felony, the accused to be present and defended by counsel. If the jury shall find the accused to be insane to such a degree as to render it unfit for him or her to be at large, a record of conviction must be made, signed by the judge and filed in the county clerk's office within three days after the trial. Then the judge may issue, under the seal of the court, an order of commitment, in which he must specify where and when the conviction was made, and where the record of the trial is to be found.

It is further provided that any person detained against his or her will in any asylum, public or private, whose commitment has not been obtained in accordance with the above prescribed form, shall be declared a misdemeanor, and for first offense, shall, on conviction, pay a fine of one thousand dollars. For a second offense the penalty is a fine of one thousand, and five years' imprisonment. So far, so good. If the bill becomes a law, and it should, the alleged insane of one State, at least, will have as much chance for their liberty and lives as the blackest criminal.

NOT SO BAD.—The growing acuteness of the modern mind is bound to speed, sooner or later, the old time fear of the orthodox bottomless pit. It has been reserved for the New York *Graphic* to discover that "falling is painless, striking 'bottom alone hurts.' We have a hopeful view of that dark chasm. The better philosophy teaches us that strong, saving arms are found at all depths, ready to rescue whosoever is weary of darkness and sin. The knowledge that one can not sink below the thoughtful care and love of God's angels, is given this of all centuries to know. The broad, generous universalist heart has always proclaimed the Omnipotent design to be that all should be saved at last, the nearest approach to the doctrine of eternal progression for all, made by a creed. The consolingness of the guardianship of angels or pure spirits, beings would be a powerful preventive of evil, greater than the 'Omnipresent Eye,' which

none can understand because none can comprehend God. But all know the pain and remorse of disobeying good counsel long before the consequence comes. To feel that we shall never be cast off should make us strong in good resolutions.

## NO BROADER FIELD.

It is one of the inevitable results of civilization that men shall congregate in large cities; one of its evils, that proper shelter becomes to the poor of all cities a problem not less momentous than that of bread. The underground world, not of the dead, but of living, struggling beings of this lower sphere, is an immense one, but which, under present conditions, is enlarging most alarmingly.

To the very poor there seems to be but two questions—Starve or Freeze? To improve their habitations in the least means less food, "a 'state of things,' remarks the *Graphic*, 'in which no cause whatever is found in equity or 'just economics.'"

The tenement-house system is an equal evil in all cities, but what is claimed for New York, we believe, may also be of other great municipalities, which is that the latter city has wealth enough to cure the worst feature of the tenement-house system.

We doubt very much whether man will ever find a broader field for the employment of his benevolent and humane faculties than is offered right here in this world. Every city and town has its holders of millions. If one of these men or women of each community so willed the whole United States could be rid of the above vicious system of social life in less than one decade. Besides adding immeasurably to the beauty and wealth of each community, how much more would it add to good morals, right living and intellectual refinement?

The neat cottages substituted for damp cellars and tumble-down houses might be conducted on the Peabody plan in London, or on a better one. Good as the results have been in the latter case, many improvements could doubtless be suggested.

At all events, it is time that hands, heads, and hearts were combined to provide better substitutes for sheltering the poor, and improving their lives by increasing their opportunities for domestic growth and harmony.

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

This is an old question, but getting so well answered in these days that it will soon be laid aside for another, suggestive of new things.

True spiritual works are accepted and believed in by many when presented under the name of Christian science, who would not tolerate them under the head of Spiritualism. Spiritual healers and Christian healers work upon the same principle, deriving their power from the same fountain—the boundless realm of the spheres of invisible life. He who healed the sick, made the blind to see, and raised the dead, saying that yet greater things should be done by those who believed,—this man of old has no firmer belief on the earth to-day than are found in the spiritual faith, and none who have performed more wonderful cures in modern times than the magnetic healers in the ranks. Magnetic healing, mind cure, and Christian Science are but one under different names, since there must be faith on the part of the patient that there is a power to cure him. If one's faith and will power be strong enough, he or she can cure him- or herself without the aid of other mortal minds, which we believe is the higher power, as one is aided directly by those who would otherwise have to seek a medium.

The several cases of chronic invalidism that have been cured of late simply by prayers of the patients are the best tests we have of spirit power aided by implicit belief. Be these cures attributed directly to the power of God? He is a spirit, also, and does not change the truth in the least. When the world learns to receive and welcome the truth in whatever way or through whatever channel it may come, mankind will cease to be divided by mere distinction of names. They will work together for the highest good that may be attained in mortal life.

WASHINGTON HALL.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather last Sunday afternoon, a good audience assembled in Washington Hall to listen to a presentation of the pros and cons of Theosophy, which elicited much interest. The discussion was opened by Prof. Boston, followed in turn by Alfred Cridge, Mrs. Morris, A. D. Cridge, Judge Collins, and others. The announcement by the President that the question "Reasons for and against Theosophy," would be continued next Sunday, met with a round of applause. His compliment to the several speakers, at the close of the meeting, upon their dignified manner of conducting the discussion, was well deserved. All interested in the subject are invited to take part in the exercises to-morrow.

SCOTTISH HALL.—The heavy storm of last Sunday operated to diminish the attendance at all the Spiritualist meetings, especially of the evening. The rain poured down in such torrents that Mrs. Agnes Evans, at one time, concluded not to attempt to hold a public seance, but not wishing to disappoint those who might come out, she changed her mind, and although her audience was small, she gave really one of the best seances she has yet given. Nearly every one present received a test of spirit presence, and all were well pleased. Mrs. Evans will hold another seance at the same hall, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, which will close her present season. She will continue her private work at her residence on Octavia street, as heretofore.

—In these "degenerate days" of dramatic excellence, the Shakespearean revival at the Baldwin Theater, by the Booth-Barrett Company, is a memorable event in the history of the drama. All lovers of art on the stage have rare opportunity for enjoying those great creations of the Bard of Avon.







Written for the Golden Gate.

## What is Love?

(Given through private mediumship by the spirit wife of M. H. Kenyon, at St. Paul, Minn.)

The bright mellow sunlight and soothing influence of a June day in earth life brings joy to those dwelling there, but greater joy accompanies the birth into the spirit of one who has journeyed along earth's pathways in loving cheerfulness, having ever been ready to lend a helping hand to lead erring ones into paths leading to true happiness and soul growth; for then a spirit has been received into this life who has very few lessons to unlearn before entering into the real work and joys upon this side of the grave, where there are constant calls for some loving angel to lead those coming from earth life into the restful beauties of the spirit world.

The journey from earth life to the spirit world is not beset with doubts, for all come into this life without passing through any intermediate condition of suffering, for when the door opens for you to pass out of the mortal life, another door will open to receive you into the real life in the spirit world, where the mystery of death will be overcome by the reality of a new birth into life upon this side of the grave, where the mystery of the existence of the spirit body will be explained in a way that will satisfy you that it is as real as was the one laid in the grave. The experience of all with whom I have consulted is, that soon after we passed into the "unconscious sleep of death," we awoke as from a natural sleep, to realize that in some mysterious way we had passed through the valley of death, and awakened upon this side of the valley, without any knowledge of the grave, to be greeted and cared for by loving ones who came before, and then the resurrection morning burst upon us in great glory. Then it was that in some mysterious way our spirit body commenced to be clothed, and we were greatly surprised while looking at the growing garments that very soon covered us. One thing, in particular, attracts the attention of us all; and that is, the difference between our garments and those worn by those assisting us, for they are always robed in spotless white.

Very few come into this life with any real idea of the soul, spirit body, or the method whereby the spirit form is covered. The first raiment placed upon the spirit body has been made by you in earth life, and brought with you to us, and serves as a record from which is read the life, for good or bad, that has been brought by you from the earth. You would not expect to wash wool white as snow in a pool of dirty water, nor should you expect to come from the shadowy paths of earth life into the realm of purity upon this side, without passing through some process to cleanse you from the effects of a life of selfishness and wrong; and when you come into this life, to face the realities here, the most severe judge to scan the record, will be your own self. The angel ones are glad to wrap the mantle of charity around you, but cannot remove the robes your earth life has woven for you, and in them you must be viewed upon entering this beautiful world of the spirit home. Do not fear any more terrible day of judgment than this, for that is frequently all that poor misguided mortals can endure, and no greater trial will ever come to you.

There is, however, this assurance: though you come into this life with full consciousness of earth life, bringing nothing you have not gathered in that life, and no one so much to blame as yourself for the stained garments you are clothed in,—yet the way is open, even after you have come into this life, to change them for those of beautiful brightness and purity. All upon this side who are working to uplift erring ones coming from earth life, soon find the stains fading out, and robes of beauty taking the place of those brought from earth life, until finally we come into possession of those of silvery whiteness.

Proclaim the truth of immortality and real life beyond the grave, and that mankind must make individual effort for salvation, in order to receive the aid they require. Angel ones are ever watching and listening to those who are seeking the way leading to a condition better than the present, and there is joy upon this side when even one soul has learned the value of personal effort, to enter into paths leading to a knowledge of the real life in the beyond. There are two broad paths through mortal life, and the one with guide boards along the way of "Choose the right at all times," will lead to joy and contentment beyond the grave. You may not at all times find the right, but the desire to do so will certainly lead you heavenward.

If you are ever saved from the effects of selfishness and wrong, you will have to put your own hands to the work, and not look for some one else to carry you home to glory, and wash your sins away, for your works and earnest endeavor will be taken for their real value upon this side, nor can any one work out your salvation so easily as yourself, and it is well to commence the good work when in earth life.

Could you stand with us upon this side, and hear the sorrowing cry of those coming from paths of sin and wrong-doing, to realize that they are more actively alive than at any time before, with memory and conscience never so clear, you would understand why we return to those yet in earth life, trying to find some way to direct erring ones into paths leading to better lives, before laying down the mortal

and thereby fitting themselves for more happiness and restfulness in the first season of life upon this side of the grave.

Life here is two-fold for many of us, for our dear ones are to be found upon both sides of the grave; and so long as any loved one remains upon the other side, we return to help them as best we can, in their times of joy and sorrow; and could you see the number constantly passing earthward to carry glad tidings to some stricken one, you would realize that the bond of true love is never broken, but reaches into the spirit home.

ADELAIDE.

## Communion of Spirits.

(Woodland Mail.)

"I never had any belief in Spiritualism," said a Woodland lady to a *Mail* reporter yesterday, "but a case has come under my observation right here in Woodland, that proves to my mind that spirits of close sympathy with and relation to each other have some mode of communication. A few days prior to the terrible Julia explosion at Vallejo, a niece of mine, whose betrothed husband was a work hand on the boat, was stopping here with me on a visit. Being her nearest relative, she had already confided her secret to me, and told me that the wedding was to take place next May. I think it was three or four days before the accident she came down stairs one morning looking careworn and weary, and said that she had had a premonition that something dreadful was going to happen. I tried to cheer her up, but to no purpose. The next morning she came down looking still worse, and she wanted to return to Vallejo, as Charlie was in danger of some calamity, and she would put him on his guard. I laughed at her apprehensions, and called it a love-sick whim which she ought not to permit to annoy her in the least, but drive it out of her thoughts. On the morning of the disaster she came down stairs,—and do you believe it?—she was actually crying, and when I asked her what was the matter, she said she must go home that day as Charlie was dead. She had plainly seen his mangled body and grief-stricken face as he lay among a lot of other corpses. Before noon the report came of the explosion of the Julia. My niece returned home that day, and on the day following I received a letter from her, stating that Charlie was among the killed. Now," said the lady in conclusion, "if you publish anything I have said, don't make it appear that I'm a Spiritualist, or anything of that sort, for I am not; but what I have said is true, and it is certainly a remarkable coincidence if the spirits of those devoted lovers were not in communication with each other before, at the time, and after the disaster."

The reporter, who never did take stock in spirits (other than those of a tangible nature), confessed that it was a very remarkable case; so much so, in fact, that he could not give it much credence if it did not come from a most reliable source, and he knew the speaker to be a lady who would not jeopardize her reputation for the sake of booming the spirits.

## The Law of Love.

(Lucie Grange in La Lumiere, Paris, France.)

We continue to receive letters from new adherents to Universal Soul-Communion—not alone from our subscribers, but from their relatives and friends as well, whose souls have been thrilled by the announcement of the grand new spiritual order. We wish we could publish all these beautiful letters, breathing courage, confidence and thankfulness for the New Spiritual Dispensation. Spiritualism now has guards stationed at all the advance-posts of human and social progress whose efforts can not be barren; the thought, the will, the heart, these are their beacon-lights, their modes of combat, their force. The grand, the beautiful, the true *soul-religion* is at last discovered—it is the fusion of the hearts of humanity into the heart of God by Universal Spiritual Unity. From one end of the world to the other, across immeasurable space, in the bosom of prolific nature, souls, bathed in the Divine Magnetism, will vibrate with souls, so all will be strengthened and made happy.

Oh, how small seem to us the psychologists and professors of hypnotism—manipulators of weak wills—since the Sacred Magnetism has begun its work, and the flaming fluid circulates in our beings as Divine Blood!

The true Life, the real Science—Happiness, Peace, Wisdom—all are included in this powerful Law of Love.

Hail! all hail! to all under our standard! There they will find shelter from earthly misfortunes, and will be in a position to aid in the elevation of humanity.

Hail! all hail! to the Empire of the Invisible, whose reign has now begun!

It is with the spirits we unite ourselves to surmount all difficulties. Together we are and will remain to save the world by self-sacrifice and devotion, by the Light Divine in the Law of Love.

Mrs. LIVERMORE, the lecturer, was snowed up in New Hampshire, and the heroic efforts made by a party of gentlemen, in digging her out and taking her to a train, led her to say, and to say it boldly, that "American men are the best in the world." And she added emphatically: "This I will persist in declaring forever and forever."

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Great strength and durability is another advantage. In other pianos holes are bored in wooden boards and tuning pins inserted. The pine, which is soft, warps, boards and cannot stand permanently in tune, and if often catches, splits, dries out, becoming utterly, totally and entirely worthless as a musical instrument. Our steel tuning device is in no way affected by such casualties, and the sounding board is so constructed that our pianos can never become thin or metallic in tone. They are always in tune and the expense of tuning is saved. This patent alone is worth millions and makes our piano the best in the world. This patent alone is worth millions and makes our piano the best in the world. This patent alone is worth millions and makes our piano the best in the world.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]  
**From the Sun Angel Order of Light.**  
 (Given through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, wife of the Sun Angel Order of Light.)

To the children of the Sun Angel Order of Light, greeting.

Saidie who has watched the growth and unfolding of planet earth for ages, who has held its unfolding as the greatest wish and desire of her heart, has seen the rise and fall of kingdoms, noted the success and decline of powers, has seen the messengers of light come earthward bravely, bearing the lamp of truth with them into the darkness of ignorance and superstition, has seen these lamps covered over with a pall none but the bigoted multitude would weave with which to cover, hold back, and if it were possible, to extinguish the light, which alone was able to light man's pathway to the Father's house. Saidie must use your earth terms to express her meaning to your earth brains. God, the Father, is, with us, a synonym of all power, wisdom and love. The central sun, tipifies the great central power of the Infinite.

There is in nature two dual principles, one life, light and love, the other the mother, principle, Deific or Deified Nature. Both are the power and possibilities of the Infinite. Earth in its primeval state, or state of nature, as you call it, was first an atom, then as through space it was whirled it has gained other atoms, and for eons of ages has it grown, developed its nature, until at last life was seen to express itself. Life of the lowest order of expression, yet life is eternal, is Divine. But the Divine had not yet found its dwelling place therein, although it was waiting unfolded for its own unfolding.

Like creation you say this is. Aye, like creation, and what is creation but continual unfolding. There are beings highly unfolded, upon other planets, and in their spirit spheres who wait to bless earth with their own unfolded powers. These are not gods of infinite power, and possessing all knowledge, but God's own children who have advanced through the school of Nature to the exalted position they occupy.

Saidie will answer the question propounded by one of the children of the Order by saying: The unfolding we possess points to the fact that there is greater and still greater points of unfolding we may reach, and when we have gone on and on we reach higher and still higher planes of development, and still on and on as we go we find yet no superior first cause, save such as leads us on, and beckons us to greater achievements.

The dual nature of the great principle of love and wisdom is according to the fixed principle of life. Saidie has endeavored to show, through analogy from the first principles, the fact and importance of the wedding of mind with matter. Then begins eternal unfolding, yet in the actual it had no beginning. God, the Father, Nature the Mother, we the children continually progressing, continually pressing on to the Father's house, the home of the soul.

There is another beginning, the glory and beauty of which is shut from your mortal eyes. As yet, we know not, nor can conceive the beauty and glory of that immortal life. On and on shall we go; out into the depths of space we shall find other homes and other work. No beings as father and mother we will find, but the great Power of life and love will still beckon us on and on.

Child, understandest thou Saidie's words? There are brighter and higher intelligencies continually leading us by their superior attainments. In your heart of hearts enshrine them as loving guides, who will ever beckon you on to greater and still greater attainments, and when you meet them on the hills of the blest, they will take you by the hand, and with them you may walk fields of light, the beauty and glory of which no mortal eye has ever seen.

Your second question involves a truth. Saidie would answer it. Yes, there is a glimmering of immortal truth underlying all religious belief, but it is the faintest ray of light. Somewhere man feels there must be a land of glory, peopled by beings who continually bow the knee and worship a power unknown. Somewhere in the depths of humanity a God is enshrined, but it is a God so like humanity's undeveloped self that higher angels turn away in sorrow from the picture.

Child, humanity's God is very like humanity's self; full of anger, revenge, and loving punishment. How he is shrouded with darkness, the mantle woven of ignorance and priestcraft. Would that mankind had courage, as they have the power to cast God and his mandates together into the fires of reason and free thought, and there consume them. Then might the ashes be consigned to oblivion, and man assert the God-given right of reason and common sense, and thus progress.

How long, think you, would jails and prisons, alms-houses and galleys be needed in the land, could mankind be taught, be rightly educated? Must the angel world wait still for ages ere they can lead the mortal brotherhood up to a broader plane of thought?

Question third with regard to the knowledge we as guides have of Jesus of Nazareth, his life, his death.

There have, as Saidie has said, been messengers of light and truth sent earthward at various times during the history

of the planet. Child, Saidie asks you to turn your thought back over the earth's history. Note the minds who have come at times with a knowledge unpossessed by the masses among whom they came.

In your letter you refer to some of them. There are many you do not speak of, but of whom you know. Men who dared to boldly question the reasonableness of prevalent theology; men who wrote, advancing what the religious world called infidel ideas. Mankind were forced to acknowledge such as superior minds, etc., but it would not answer their purpose to allow them to be thought superior men.

You have one in your land to-day, Saidie means Robert G. Ingersoll. He dares proclaim his disbelief in the foolish dogmas of the church, and although he does not see the fact of continued life after so-called death, yet Saidie says he is doing good work. He is tearing down the old with ruthless hand, it is true, but wherever the ruins are seen a better building may yet rear itself with truth for its foundation-stone. Such men and minds are doing their work in the great reformation which is going on, and must go forward in the land until the false shall fade away, and the light of the new world break upon the hearts of mankind. The work must progress slowly and steadily, as the powers of nature work silently and continually, for man is slow to progress, slow to understand.

Returning to the question, Saidie will say: A man was born in an idolatrous country in ancient times, who was persecuted by his fellows, for he bowed not the knee, nor did he acknowledge the gods they worshipped. He was born of poor but honest parents, persecuted by the ignorant among whom he dwelt, for he held communion with the unseen world, having an organism through whom they could manifest themselves. In short, a medium was born in those days, and was put to death, as have others been, for being different from the multitude. No wonderful person, only as he was superior to those around him. Could he have written his own record, it would read very different in many places. Could he speak in your pulpit to-day, (Sunday) instead of the ministers who proclaim his gospel (as they say), what would be the burden of his words: "Think, O ye sons of men, what is truth? Upon what basis stands the religion you are proclaiming to your fellow-man? Has it any foundation in eternal right and justice, which are the underlying principles of all law of the Father? You preach and teach that man has in me a Savior, an atonement for sin. I say, I proclaim that it is false. I lived and died, as other mediums do, and because I lived and died, you are not, can not be saved. There is no atonement for your sin. Cease to do evil, learn to do well, for whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye reap. Learn the truth, and save yourselves. I am powerless as any child of the Infinite to save you. Cease praying to me, I implore you, and learn to do right. Thus can you banish fear of death from your minds, for then, and then only, are you prepared to live, both here and hereafter."

This, children of the Order of Light, is his message to you and to the world. To the child who propounded the question forming the subject of this article, Saidie extends her greetings of love, and is glad if she has made the matter more plain to your understanding. Peace be with all, SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1888.

THE ROMAN MACHINE.—Dr. McGlynn says of the purposes of Rome: "The people may know, what I can tell them on the highest authority: The Roman machine is to-day most anxious to have a minister of the Pope accredited to, and received by, the Government at Washington. Such minister would be an archbishop, and one of the Italian ring, in whose hands it is the Roman policy to keep the power. His presence there could not fail to be a fruitful source of corruption and enslavement for the Catholic Church in this country. The Pope is also trying to have diplomatic relations with the Queen Victoria, in order, as is alleged, 'to be able to get accurate information about Irish affairs.'"

We are born to an inheritance of opinions, right and wrong, and right or wrong, we cling to them with a pertinacity exceeded by nothing but our attachment to life! The seeds of error, as well as of truth, are planted by the stupid parent in the minds of his unfortunate children, and lucky is the child in whose mind the tares do not choke the wheat before he is able to distinguish one from the other.—Voltaire.

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Dr. STANSBURY is now absent on a trip to the South and East. Due notice will be given of his return.

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